

LIFE OF WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT. By
GEORGE TICKNOR. 4to. pp. 481. Boston: Ticknor &
Sheldon. New York: Sheldon & Co.

Upon returning to College and resuming his studies, he was compared with what he had been a sobered man. He determined to acquire a more respectable rank in his class, as a scholar, than he had earlier deemed worth the trouble, and although somewhat late for the attempt, he in part succeeded. "His remarkable memory enabled him to get on well with the English studies; even with those which, as for the higher metaphysics, he had a nearly disrelish. But mathematics and geometry seemed to constitute an insurmountable obstacle. He had taken none of the preparatory steps to qualify himself for them, and it was impossible now to go back to the elements, and lay a sufficient foundation. He knew, in fact, nothing about them, and never did afterward. He became desperate, therefore, and took to desperate remedies. The first was to commit to memory, with perfect exactness, the whole mathematical demonstration required of his class on any given day, so as to be able to recite every syllable and letter of it as they stood in the book, without comprehending the demonstration at all, or attaching any meaning to the words and signs of which it was composed. It was, no doubt, a feat of memory of which few men would have been capable, but it was also one whose worthlessness a careful teacher would very soon detect, and one, in itself, so intolerably onerous, that no pupil could long practice it. Besides, it was a trick, and a fraud of any kind, except to cheat himself, was contrary to his very nature. After trying it, therefore, a few times, and enjoying whatever amusement it could afford him and his friends, who were in the secret, he took another method more characteristic. He went to his Professor, and told him the truth; not only his ignorance of geometry, and his belief that he was incapable of understanding a word of it, but the mode by which he had seemed to comply with the regulations of the recitation-room, while in fact he evaded them; adding, at the same time, that, as a proof of his more industry, he was willing to persevere in committing the lessons to memory, and reciting by rote what he did not and could not understand, if such demonstrations were required of him, but that he would rather be permitted to use his time more profitably. The Professor, struck with the honesty and candor

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He never liked to work more than three hours consecutively. At 1 o'clock, therefore, he took a walk of about two miles, and attended to any light business that might be a burthen to him, coming home generally refreshed and exhilarated, and ready to lounge a little and gossip. Dinner followed, for the greater part of his life, about 3 o'clock, although, during a few years, he dined in Winter at 5 or 6, which, he thought, was a change. In the Summer he always dined early, so as to have the late afternoon for driving and exercise during our hot season.

He enjoyed the pleasures of the table, and even Italian wine, more than most men. But he restricted himself carefully in the use of them, adjusting everything with reference to its effect on the power of using his eye immediately afterward, and especially on his power of writing it the next day. He was not a great eater, but he ate of all kinds of foods as he found useful, or at least not injurious, and was encouraged in it by his medical council. But he dined abroad, as he did every thing of the sort, at regulated intervals, and he never departed from his settled habits, but often made a record of the result for his future government.

The most embarrassing question, however, as to diet, regarded the quantity of wine he drank. He was sometimes asked to be followed by bad consequences, was, yet, on the whole, found useful, and was prescribed to him. To make everything certain, and settle the precise point to which he should go, he instituted a series of experiments, and found that he could drink a quart of wine during a period of two years and nine months—he recorded the exact quantity of wine that he took every day, except a few days when he entirely abstained. It was Sherry or Madeira. In the great majority of cases—four-fifths of the cases—he found that he could drink a quart, but went up sometimes to four or five, and even to six. He settled, at last, upon two or two and a half as the quantity best suited to the case, and persevered in this as his daily habit, until the last year of his life, during which he was obliged to abstain from wine. He had been under the circumstances of his health. In all this I wish to be understood that he was rigorous with himself—much more so than persons thought who saw him only when he was dining with a friend, and then he equally upbraided eyes with wine much more from him.

He generally smoked a single weak cigar after dinner, and listened at the same time to light reading from Mrs. Prescott. A walk of five miles, more or less—according to the state of the day, was given up, to make the full amount of six miles' walking for the day's exercise, and then, between five and eight, he took a cup of tea, and had his reader with him for work two hours more.

Most of the day were now definitely ended. He came down from his study to his library, and either sat there or walked about while Mrs. Prescott read to him from some amusing book, generally a novel, and, in all other respects, he was as usual. He was very comfortable, and in great solace. He enjoyed the room as well as the reading, and, as he moved about, would often stop before the books—especially his favorite books—and be sure that they were front of their proper shelves; like soldiers on a dress-parade—sometimes speaking of them, and almost to them, as if they were persons and friends.

He found careful and easy when he was in full health, was yet much more than he had of late been able to sustain. It was, therefore, a great point gained, and manifestly a kindness. It is to be said, however, that he noted the difference in his general strength, and knew its meaning.

Encouraged, however, by his improvement, such as it was, and permitted at least, if not counselled to it, by his friends, he ventured once more within the domain of his old and favorite studies. He did not, indeed, undertake to prepare anything for the fourth volume of "Philip the Second," nor did he go to the Bodleian, as he had intended to do, but he had originally determined to cast it. But the completion of the last chapter that he ever finished, and the paragraphs only—which, as was his wont, he had, I believe, composed before his attack and had preserved to a good degree in his manuscript completed so far as it was destined ever to be.

LAST ILLNESS.

From day to day, in New Year of 1859, he seemed more to miss his old occupations. On the 27th of January, he talked decidedly of "History of Philip the Second," and speculated on the question whether, if he should find his physical strength unequal to the needful exertion, he might venture to re-peruse it by a friend's aid. On the following morning—the 28th—he took it into his head to write a paper for the purpose to the experiment, and so, if he were looking forward to his task as to the opening again of an old and sure mine of content. His sister, Mrs. Dexter, was happily in town again, and he went to her room, and, with her assistance, wrote a paper, in a pleasing room, but far from the study where his regular work was always done. He himself, in the early part of the day, was unemployed, waiting about his room for a little exercise; the room being so small, he had that noon ventured to go out, and so well used it, that he was never after a very-faithful secretary, was looking over Sam's lively book about Russia, "A Journey due North," for his own amusement merely, but occasionally reading aloud to Mr. Prescott such portions as he thought pretty interesting or pleasant. On one passage, which referred to a former Minister of Russia at Washington, he paused, because neither of them could recollect the name of the person alluded to, and Mr. Prescott, who was a little of a memory man, could not recall it to his wife and sister to see if either of them could recollect it for him. After a moment's hesitation, Mrs. Prescott hit upon it, a circumstance which amused him not a little, as she so rarely could be so successful. He then turned to the next page, and, after he had again come upon Mrs. Dexter for the information. He snatched his fingers at her, therefore, as he turned away. And, with the merry laugh so characteristic of his nature, gave her the name of the person he was wanting her to remember.

They were the last words she ever heard from his lips.

After reaching his study he stepped into an adjoining apartment. While there, Mr. A. took him into the study, and, wholly unconscious. This was about 11 o'clock in the forenoon. He was instantly carried to his chamber. In the shortest possible space of time, several medical attendants were at his bedside, and, in the next half-hour of them—was his old and his father's friend, Dr.

titles, we must call attention to a group of articles upon moral and political subjects which are very pertinent to the present condition of affairs. These are: "Representative Government—What is it Good for," "Reform: The Dangers and the Safeguards," "Prison Rites," "State Tampering with Money and with Banks," "Morals of Trade," &c. These discussions are distinguished by the same analytical soul, grasp of thought, and clearness and strength of expression, which mark all of this author's productions. The article on "Morals of Trade" subjects the morbid anatomy of commerce to a minute, masterly, and effective dissection.

THE YOUNG QUARTERMASTER. *THE LIFE AND DEATH OF LEAHY L. M. BINGHAM.* 12mo. pp. 210. Board of Publication of the Reformed Protestant Dutch Church.

The career of a devoted Christian soldier is impressively described in this little volume. It is intended mainly for the benefit of the younger members of the army, for Sunday-school scholars, and for youthful readers in general. The quartermaster was a good orthodox Christian, an admirer of *The N. Y. Observer*, but perhaps none the worse a soldier for that. Col. Higginson, in an interesting letter to the father of the deceased, remarks that "his services were of incalculable value to the regiment upon whose career, for six months at least, hung the destinies of the colored race upon this continent." The narrative of his life has been skillfully drawn up, and is well adapted to the purpose for which it was designed.

LYRICS OF LOYALTY. *Arranged and edited by FRANK MOORE.* 12mo. pp. 236. Grafton P. Putnam.

It is the intention of Mr. Moore to collect in a permanent form some of the best specimens of lyric, patriotic, and political verse which have been uttered during the progress of the Great Rebellion. The present volume is devoted to lyric poems by a great variety of American writers, including several of the most eminent poets in this country, others who are deservedly favorites with the public, and some whose names are new heard of for the first time. In a collection thus formed, the contents must of course possess very unequal merit; but as a rule, the productions in this volume ring with true patriotic enthusiasm, and many of them exhibit great poetical merit.

SERMONS PREACHED AT THE CHURCH OF ST. PAUL, THE APOSTLE, NEW-YORK, DURING THE YEAR 1862. 12mo. pp. 377. D. & J. Sadler & Co.

In the present annual issue of discourses by the Epistol Fathers—who may perhaps be deemed the reser-

theories of the sciences.
 The numerous admirers of Dr. Draper's
 "History of the Intellectual Development of Europe"
 will be gratified to learn that a large edition of that
 work is exhausted and a second has been issued. It is
 to be reprinted in London by Bell & Daldy in two co-
 lective volumes, with a portrait of the Author, and an
 Italian translation will soon appear at Turin.

Books Received.

The *History of the Nations. Second Series.* By Charles Linn
 and Geo. Svo., pp. 365. Philadelphia: Published by the
 Author.
 1. *World History. A Book for Boys.* By Miss L. C. Tuttle.
 12mo. pp. 138. Boston: Crosby & Nichols. New-York: D.
 O. S. & Co.
 2. *Dick Robinson, or the Adventures of an Eton Boy.* 12mo. pp.
 424. The Same.
 3. *The Wild Man of the West.* By R. M. Ballantyne. 12mo.
 pp. 240. The Same.
 4. *The Red Rover.* By R. M. Ballantyne. 12mo., pp. 440. The
 Same.
 5. *The Poems of Robert Lowell.* A New Edition. 12mo., pp.
 286. Boston: E. P. Dutton & Co.

ROCK HILL LADIES' SOLDIERS' RELIEF ASSO-
CIATION.—Mr. James Nichols, a wounded soldier, who
 has been cared for by the ladies of this Association, sends us a
 grateful acknowledgement of their kindness, and a statement of the
 work which they are accomplishing. The Association was formed in July, 1862, to
 aid by contributions and by personal care the wounded
 soldiers who at that time to the number of several
 hundred were collected in the Bellevue Hospital. When
 the soldiers were removed from that hospital to one of
 the islands, the ladies transferred their services to the
 Central Park Hospital, where they are still unremitt-
 ingly engaged. They have held a successful Fair, with
 the proceeds of which, and by help of funds raised
 at various public meetings, they have enlarged their re-
 sources and increased the comfort of their patients.
 Mr. Nichols is indebted to them for an arm to replace
 the one he lost in battle, and he asks the public to con-
 tinue its interest in an Association which has thus gen-
 erously and judiciously helped him and many of his
 comrades.

HEAVY SNOW-STORM IN IOWA.—The heaviest
 snow-storm for many years occurred in Henry Coun-
 ty, Iowa, about the last of January. The snow at
 Mount Pleasant is three feet deep, and drifted so badly
 that it is impossible for teams to make progress on the
 roads. The temperature is so low that the cattle and
 rabbits have frozen to death.